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# THE LEHIGH BURR.

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NO. 10.

*PUBLISHED EVERY TEN DAYS DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.*

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## EDITORIAL.

THROUGH a typographical error the name of Chetwood, '95, was omitted in the last issue from the list of THE BURR editors. It is needless to say he is still a member of THE BURR Board.

COOKE, '95, who has just returned to college, and who has been a member of THE BURR Board since his Freshman year, has been compelled, by a pressure of college and of outside literary work, to resign.

THE list of orations chosen by the committee of the Faculty from the thirteen submitted, will certainly receive favorable comment in that the subjects are such that the orations are not likely to be mere biographical sketches as has often happened heretofore. A purely imaginative oration should always receive more credit than a biographical, for the former is more likely to be more truly original and the latter is often simply culled from that fountain-head of knowledge, the Library. We bespeak even a greater success than is usual for the next Junior orations.

A GLANCE at the athletic situation reveals the fact that the prospects for next spring are fairly good, and that the college need not fear that Lehigh will lose prestige on the diamond and between the goal posts.

The base-ball situation is about the same as last year. All hinges upon the form displayed by the pitcher. Jackson of last year's team should be much improved by a year's work, and Bowie, '95, pitched last year for Trinity. The prospects are, take them for all in all, very fair. In lacrosse we shall miss a number of good men from the attack, the Banks brothers, Symington, and Van Cleve will be hard to replace, but our defence will present the same impregnable front that it did last year and good men will be found to fill the vacant places from the new players developed last year.

NOW that the Mustard and Cheese has selected the play which it will present just after Easter, the Club, in preparation for its production, is looking about for new men. There will be quite a number needed to fill the principal cast, as but a few, comparatively, are left from last year's memberships, and besides these a small host of supernumeraries and a "chorus" must be found to complete the troupe.

Now, it is nothing more nor less than the duty of any man in college, who has had any experience whatever in theatricals, to come and offer his services to the club for trial. It is not only the duty of such a man, but of any other who merely has aspirations in that

direction, and who is not too modest to estimate his own latent abilities, nor too shy to have them judged by others.

The Club itself has made an appeal for candidates, and offers to coach any man for a part suited to his ability, and if he "wins his spurs," he will be elected to the "Mustard and Cheese," which is an honor to be well proud of when we consider those among our alumni, who created and held that distinction, and when we think of achievements that the name suggests.

WE often hear college men say, when asked to make some small sacrifice of time or money for a college enterprise. Why should I give this? What do I gain thereby? We think the question should be, "Will it benefit the University?" Will it make her name more widely known, her influence for good more potent?

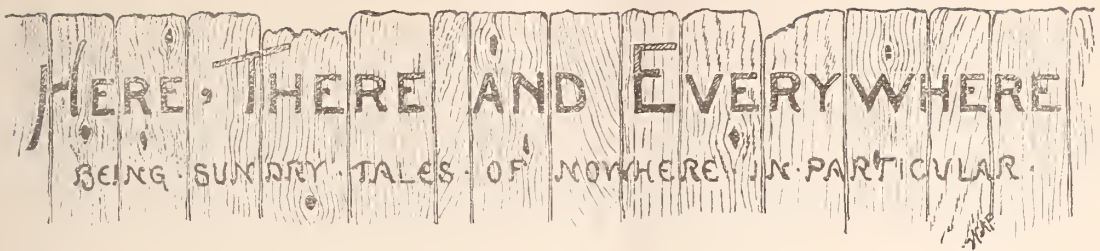
The student should remember what he owes his college. Let us put aside all sentiment and look at the matter from the standpoint of mere dollars and cents. We have no fair idea as to how much money it cost to bring the University to its present state of usefulness, how much is invested in buildings, grounds and equipment, and how much necessary as an endowment for running expenses. But for the sake of calculation let us say the total is \$3,000,000. This money invested in an ordinary business would yield at least \$180,000 a year. About sixty students graduate every year. Do each of these men realize that they have in the four years spent at Lehigh received a clear gift which could not, if there were no such things as bequests and gifts to colleges, be bought for less than three thousand dollars. That is what it costs the college to graduate one man.

This is perhaps a sordid way of looking at the matter, but is perhaps a good argument to use with the alumnus or undergraduate who fails to see why it is his duty to do something to advance the interests of his *Alma Mater*. Of

course there are other benefits which cannot be counted in money, the training received, the friendships formed, the refinement and culture gathered within ivied walls, among old books and learned men, but we give this one as an appeal to the practical side of man's nature.

WE read at present in the public press, a great deal about the brutality of foot-ball, and many arguments are being advanced in favor of a radical change in the rules. It is noticeable, however, that the college man, the man who plays foot-ball, the man who thinks foot-ball, the one to whom foot-ball is almost as meat and drink, is either conspicuously silent or is not in favor of any such changes. Let us make haste slowly. Foot-ball as played in the past has been almost the ideal game. Rough it is, but not unduly so, a manly game, a game not meant for children, but for the athlete in perfect physical condition and in the full tide of his youthful vigor. We challenge the opponents of the game to produce a single case of serious permanent injury happening at colleges where the game is played scientifically. Here at Lehigh during four seasons there has not been a man on our teams that was not physically benefited by the game. From colleges all over the country there come the same words. The game is not more dangerous than any other sport when played by men who understand it and are in training. Can we ask more? Let not the college man allow the clamors of men who never saw a campus, nor stood between the goal posts or felt the thrill of excitement that only the last five yards gain bring, cause him to legislate the life out of the game that is peculiarly his own. Let foot-ball alone. It is good enough as it is. The play might be made more open. But this will not so much favor the player as it will the spectator, for it is noticeable that accidents occur not in the push and jostle of the scrimmage, but when a back has skirted the end, is going at full speed and is brought down by a hard low tackle upon the frozen ground.





## THE ANNULING OF THE ULTIMATUM.

WHEN the market went against Henry Jonson, Sr., the thermometer of his disposition registered a corresponding decline on the zero side; when the market went the other way, the thermometer went that way too; so all that Mr. Johnson's friends had to do when they wanted a temporary loan or a pleasant evening at his expense, was to keep track of the markets, watch the deals in C. B. & Q. and play their cards discreetly.

On the particular evening with which this has to treat, Mr. Jonson, Sr., was very mad. The street had gone four points against him that morning, he had left his good cigars at home and was compelled to buy some "guaranteed Havanas" down town, and coming back he gave his seat in the car to a young woman who did not thank him, but at once commenced a flirtation with his junior clerk who was paid six dollars a week and wore a boutonniere and a cane. This, briefly, is why he was mad.

At home there was not much consolation. There was no one to quarrel with at the dinner table because Mrs. Jonson had some ten years previous taken up her residence beyond the Styx. Henry Jonson, Jr., came in late, and cooks and butlers are too precious to vent feelings on. So he transported his ponderous self to the library with his load of pent up rage, which kept increasing like disease microbes, in a geometrical ratio.

Even the Madeira failed to impart its subtle influence of contentment, and he was on the point of smashing some bric-a-brac simply for spite when he heard a knock at the door.

He sat down, placed his hands over his waistcoat, glared in the direction of the door, and said curtly, "Come!"

Henry Jonson, Jr., entered.

"Well!" challenged the Senior.

The young man sat himself on the arm-rest of a chair, dangled his legs to and fro, and pensively rubbed the smooth surface of his hat. "I hope I have not disturbed you, father," he said pressing down a rough place. "I've come to tell you of my engagement to Bessie Barclay. There isn't anything definite about it; I thought I'd better tell you first. I don't think you've met her, but I'm sure you'll like her." He looked up to smile, but the Senior's reception of these interesting facts was so dubious, that he thought he would better not.

"How old are you?" asked Mr. Johnson, Sr.

"I am almost twenty-five, sir," replied the son.

"Well, your sense doesn't show it," said the father shortly. Then after a painful pause, "Now see here. This has gone on long enough. I've let you have your own way in unimportant things, but I'm going to put my foot down on this. I didn't care when you played foot-ball on your college team, and played yourself in general, when you should have been studying. That was only for a short time and I knew you'd get over it. But this; no, sir. Emphatically no! And what's more sir, you've got to settle down to something. You haven't done a blessed thing but eat and drink and sleep and smoke and get engaged since last June. Tomorrow morning

sir, you'll report at the office at eight o'clock. You'll work 'til noon, have one hour for lunch, and quit at five. You'll have a salary and you must live within it. I won't pay any more of your debts. I'll gauge your pay by the quantity and quality of your work. So you'd better go and tell what-ever-her-name-is that you've changed your mind; or say I have, if you wish to."

The young man arose with a simple "Yes, sir," and passed quietly and quickly out. His father heaved a great sigh of relief as though he had ridden his mind of a heavy load, and tried the Madeira again. This time it maintained its reputation nobly, and it was not long before Mr. Jonson fell into a happy, heavy, care-free doze.

He was aroused by the entrance of Peters, who placed a rectangular package on the table and silently withdrew. The peaceful doze, the consoling Madeira, and the little mystery in the package, caused the face of Mr. Jonson to beam with an unwonted light, and at that moment C. B. & Q. stocks and Henry Jonson, Jr., were as far from his thoughts as the abolishment of the absence system is from Lehigh—quite a distance, you'll admit.

He picked up the mysterious thing and studied the neat and correct feminine handwriting; then he smelled it suspiciously, and smiled a perfectly satisfied smile when he sniffed the gentle insinuating odor that seemed to saturate the air with a vague, mild, sweet enchantment.

Slowly he opened it, and drew forth a cabinet photo of a young girl. He handled it delicately, his eyes wide open in pleased surprise, and gently placed it against the decanter on the table where the soft, red light from the lamp fell upon it. "Phew!" he chuckled. "My! Isn't she a beauty! Just calculated to break a fellow all up. Her head to one side in such a shy way, and her eyes so eternally saucy, and just enough of a smile to make you wish for more. Sarony, too! Well, well. But she should be painted; you can't get the

blue of those eyes—I'll bet they're blue—nor the golden brown of that hair—but steady, I'm getting sentimental. Odd, isn't it? There is surely some explanation."

He picked up the wrapper of the package, and after a careful search in which he fingered it as daintily as though it were the Kohinoor, he found a little note which he attempted to read. But he couldn't read without his glasses, so he began a hasty, feverish search for them, finding them, of course, in the last pocket. He adjusted them carefully, pressed the note out on the table, stood off and blew his nose vigorously, and then approached like a timid, bashful child to the paper, and read:

"My sweet old boy."

"My!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "This is really"—he looked around the room quickly and then went over to lock the door, looking behind him frequently to see that the valuables on the table did not by some unknown means escape. Then he went to the corner of the room opposite the picture, and with his head askew, beamed upon it radiantly. Then he circumvented the table several times like a youngster edging about a new acquaintance, and finally ended up by going to a portrait of one of his forefathers and chuckling up to that worthy in the most ridiculous way possible.

Perhaps the severe frown of his Puritanical ancestor, who did not reciprocate Mr. Jonson's mirth, caused him to temper his exuberance. He went back to the table, his smile never ceasing, and read the little note.

"My sweet old boy: What do you think of it? Come down tonight and tell me. Won't you? 'Til then and always, B."  
—Madison Ave.

He put it down, stood a little way off, and looking at the photo shook his head sadly. "Can't help it. Have to. Really must. Couldn't possibly resist." Then straightening himself up and sobering a little, he ejaculated looking in the mirror: "You old fool you!" and to emphasize it he deftly dropped an old



time courtesy to the photo and added, "certainly, my dear; it will afford me great pleasure to tell you,—"

Henry Jonson, Jr., stood before the window in the alcove adjoining the reception room in Bess's father's house, looking out across the square. His brows were bent heavily as he gazed moodily at the never ceasing flow of humanity this way and that way across the asphalt paths of the little park. On a high building across the way there blazed forth a cigarette advertisement, made of incandescent lights. First the whole word would flash out brilliantly, then it would go out letter by letter until but one remained. Then one would reappear at the middle, then at the end, then all would shine out for a brief moment, then a sudden gloom, then a letter would shine out singly where you least expected it, and altogether it made you wonder what manner of man pressed the buttons anyhow; you thought he must be a maniac or a blindfolded man who touched the keys in a rambling, crazy way like a child at a piano.

Unconsciously the trend of young Jonson's thoughts was influenced by the vagaries of the restless man at the keys. A brilliant illumination opposite and he thought how sorry Bessie would be, and how she would twine her arms about his neck and fondly draw his head down to tell him to never mind, she would wait as long as he wanted her to and then they would enjoy ——. A great, deep blackness, deeper by contrast with the previous flash, and he thought of the interview of half an hour ago with his father, so unnatural and harsh. If his father could only see her, if he were not so hasty, or if he himself had had sense enough to look up the course of C. B. & Q. on the market that day, it might all have gone well.

Three, four, two letters flashed out—the successive days of monotonous toil as a common clerk, the meagre salary with which to support himself and to treat Bess to the little pleasantnesses she had a right to expect, and

which he had taught her to expect—in quick succession all the incidents, pleasant and unpleasant, real and fancied, went galloping through his mind. A bright little occurrence with Bess as a center piece would appear for him to fondly linger on, and then the freakish whim of the man at the keys would bring down a dense black army of fantastic doubts which jeeringly crowded out the gentler picture. Another sweet little scene would modestly appear only to be quickly suppressed, and all would be black again. Young Jonson wrought himself into an odd, unnatural sullen rage.

He heard indistinctly the sound of voices in the next room. Then somebody withdrew and he heard a peculiar sort of chuckle emanate from the one who remained. Shortly he heard a light step which he was sure he knew; then an introductory cough, a semi-chuckle, and then—"well, my dear, here's the sweet old boy to tell you what a lovely Miss he thinks you are, and how ——" The young man turned suddenly, rushed out with a terrific impetus, stimulated by a short, shocked, effeminate "Oh!" from the direction of the sounds, saw a stout little duffer bowing and scraping before Bess, and then only knew in that vague, uncaring way of a mad man in the heat of a fight, that he picked the old duffer up in a most beautiful and scientific tackle, downed him hard and rolled him according to the truest rules of the game toward the enemy's goal until a snag was struck.

"Get off, please;" gasped the other side. "Please get off. I didn't mean ——. Oh, my! Phew!"

The youth was already standing in a most belligerent attitude while the older one slowly and painfully untangled himself. He got up with a groan.

"You!" ejaculated the youth.

His father's breath came in short, asthmatic snorts. "Yes," he panted meekly, "all that's—left of me."

The young man stood rigid with his lips

compressed and glared with contempt and scorn at his father. "I'd like to know, sir," he said passionately, when he could speak, "what you mean by this behavior—a man of your age."

The father seemed at a loss to know what course to pursue. Suddenly remembering his dignity and authority as a father, he exclaimed hotly—"And I'd like to know, sir, if you haven't got a ——" Bessie, who had flown at the first outbreak, now entered and stood behind the young man with her hands on his shoulder and her head on her hands. Old Jonson grasped wildly at his collar, shook his leg violently to straighten out his trousers, and continued with embarrassment, "if you haven't got a—collar button about you."

"Wait a minute," cried Bessie, "I'll get you one of father's."

She rushed off leaving the two to glare at each other.

"Here," she said, standing away off and reaching far out to give it to him, and then going to her former position.

The old man went diligently to work, puffing the while, to remedy the effects of the late unpleasantness.

"This," said Henry, Jr., deliberately and cuttingly, "this is the young lady of whom I spoke this evening, when you issued your ultimatum—the girl I am engaged to—going to marry, Mrs. Me-to-be, Miss Bessie Barclay—by name at present, my fiancée, the sweetest girl in the world—do you understand?"

Henry Jonson, Sr., had not engineered gigantic deals on two minutes notice all his life for nothing. Experience such as he had gained from thirty-five years of constant work on the market was a powerful weapon in such a case as this. A brilliant scheme to withdraw himself as gracefully as possible out of the present mess flashed upon his mind.

—The Faculty of Wesleyan has decided not to require the students to go to a particular church, but to allow them to attend any church in the town.

"Yes," he said somewhat tartly, "this is the young lady, I believe, who sent a photograph to you and neglected to put Jr. after your name, and when I opened it by mistake and saw what she was like, I knew what a fatal error I had committed in issuing that ultimatum; and when I came here with all haste to make amends, I was sat upon, figuratively and literally, for my pains. But I'll say now what I came here to say in the first place. Go on and get married; I don't blame you—not after I saw that picture and have seen its original. And you needn't come to the office tomorrow, and you may go on contracting debts within a reasonable limit, and after you're married I wish you'd come to my house and dispense sunshine."

"I don't quite understand, father," interrupted the young man, "but I guess it was my mistake, and I'm heartily sorry."

"Oh, I wouldn't have had it otherwise for the world. Indeed I wouldn't."

A little while afterward Henry Jonson, Sr., was standing out on the curb looking across the square and ruminating.

"Hello, Jonson!" cried an acquaintance.

"Wait a minute," said he, "will you come along to the club with me and have some terrapin and —."

"But I thought," exclaimed the acquaintance, "there was a drop in C. B. & —."

"Did I say C. B. & Q., or did I say terrapin?"

"You said terrapin."

"Well then!"

The man at the keys let the light of the cigarette advertisement blaze out dazzlingly, and Bessie and Henry, Jr., stood silently at the window and looked at it contented and confident of the future.

—The annual boat race between the University of Pennsylvania and Cornell next June, will be rowed on the Delaware River, near Philadelphia.

## SOME LEHIGH VERSE.

## "LIFE."

THIS mortal life's a tide; its ebb and flowing  
Are far beyond the ken of mortal man;  
Although some few, at least by their own showing,  
Have found control of theirs by deep laid plan.

We can not turn; in vain we strive to check it,  
Its ebb is strong, and just as strong its flow.  
Just when we've launched some hope, why then we  
wreck it,  
Ever forgetful of the undertow.

Downward it drags us and our hopes to seaward,  
In vain we stretch a hand and look for aid;  
Drifting with heavy lurch we go to leeward  
And there remain, a derelict, storm-stayed.

Or rather like some weak, unknowing swimmer  
We strive in vain, to battle with the wave,  
Never perceiving that our hopes grow dimmer.  
Until at last, the final goal—the grave —R.

## PERSONAL.

DEAR Evelyn, maid alas too rare!  
Your ways so coy, so laughingly demure,  
Have touched my heart's foundations deep  
And made it waver —'tis no more secure.  
Well armed you are for love's fierce wars;  
Methinks the merry tremor of your voice  
Heard by a vanquished, bleeding foe  
Would gain his blessing — make his heart rejoice.  
And oh, your eyes, your soulful eyes!  
Their glances swift are surest, keenest darts,  
Escape from which few foemen can,  
Though shielded well by other loves and hearts.  
And those same eyes so kind, e'en now  
Have such a mystic influence o'er me  
That though unworthy still I beg  
To worship them, a shrine, on bended knee.

## THE BEER TRUST.

OH say, don't you think  
'Twas a sin quite prodigious  
For nature to make  
This combine sacrilegious:  
Widman's,  
Charlie's,  
Tannhauser,  
Uhl's.

## WELL, HARDLY.

THERE'S a saying that I often ponder  
O'er and o'er and o'er.  
'Tis, "absence makes the heart grow fonder;"  
Fonder of what—more?

## THEN WHERE SHALL WE GO?

A STUDENT once rapped at the pearly gates  
But he rushed away with fear-o!  
When he saw as soon as St. Peter came out  
That a halo looks just like a 0.

## THE SAME ONE.


HE read it first in his early youth  
In his merry, callow Freshman days;  
And he saw again with a smile, forsooth,  
In his Senior year that same old phrase.  
And he'll read it over again and again  
If he ever a college paper scan,  
For its a legacy given to years remote  
From the dim old past, is that college note.

## HIS ANSWER.

IN the hallway standeth Ruth  
Bidding him good-bye,  
Says she, "Think you 'tis the truth  
That the cynics cry?  
Is it so that true love's flying,  
Absence quickly brings its dying—  
'And out of sight  
Out of mind?' "  
Straight he answers to her doubting,  
Seeing in her eyes  
And rose-bud lips half turned in pouting  
A maiden's fond surmise—  
"As I stand here watching you,  
In sooth I deem it can't be true,  
You're always 'simply out of sight,'  
Though never out of mind."

## A PARADOX.

THOUGH the college man may,  
In his own specious way,  
Tell a story whose fictions appall,  
But be certain that when  
You enter his den,  
You will surely find *Truth* on his wall.



# THE GOSSIP.

It is about time for the semi-annual exercising of the strong right arm of the law as represented hereabouts, and in view of this, The Gossip begs leave to present a few facts and figures for the perusal of our Teutonic masters.

The student is considered a severe infliction of some dread malady upon the community, an encumbrance to the ground; something to be classed with the grip, typhoid, intelligence, refinement and progress (for these are alike disgusting to them), and he is treated accordingly. Well, he can stand it. In fact, he rather likes it, for men are often judged by the quality of his enemies. But the Teuton takes such extreme methods to vent his spite that the student, not being able to find justice in a county jury or a cabbage headed justice, finds his finances seriously affected by these "pullings-in," and that, of course, goes right to his heart.

The Gossip thinks the student pays dearly enough for the blessed privilege of sojourning here without this extra fee, squeezed out of him by burlesquing the law after "Kishing der buch."

Including professors, instructors, students and preps the University brings about six hundred persons here nine months of the year. The average expenses of a student are easily three hundred dollars per nine months, so that in that time almost two hundred thousand dollars are put into circulation in these towns which otherwise would never get here.

That's a big sum. Try to borrow one-two-hundred thousandths of it and see if it isn't. And yet they aren't satisfied and The Gossip begins to wonder what manner of men they are. "This would make an interesting subject for a thesis."

In the midst of the general activity of all college organizations, the Glee and Banjo Club's successes, the social features that are beginning to mean so much to the students, the busy rehearsals of the Mustard and Cheese and the Engineering Society, we have lost sight of a society that has in the past contributed much to the enjoyment of serious minded students; it is the Chess Club. Well does The Gossip remember his early Freshman days when the club was in its most flourishing condition, and the then masters of the game at Lehigh initiated him into the mysteries of the guioco piano, the two knights' defence and sundry other strategems of the noble game, and how successful tournaments with Lafayette were held and instructors graced the meetings by their presence. Has all love for the game died out at Lehigh? It is just now in high favor at the larger colleges, why should not the interest be revived at Lehigh? What the Chess Club needs is a permanent home. By a petition a room in Christmas Hall could probably be obtained and meetings held there would be largely attended during these long winter months.

\* \* \*

The Gossip has often thought when ruminating upon every recurring trouble between the student and the "copper" that those gentry would be just a trifle more reasonable if every student in the University who is old enough, would register in South Bethlehem and would exercise his right of suffrage. How many students of twenty-one or older are there in college? The Gossip does not know, but he does know that a large percentage of the Senior Class are of that age. Suppose two hundred men from the University could vote in South Bethlehem, what a power they would be in the land! The Gossip has even dreams of a student councilman. And if a councilman why not justice of the peace. But these are Utopian dreams, and The Gossip with a last sigh for the five dollars fine he paid last Spring because he dared throw a base-ball on the street, awakes again to stern reality.



## COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous articles published.]

**EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:**—Allow me through your columns to call the attention of the '95 *Epitome* Board to a mistake in the numbering of the volumes of the *Epitome*. '89's is Vol. XIV as it should be, but '90's is called also Vol. XIV when evidently it should be Vol. XV. Each succeeding board has evidently taken the number of its volume from the preceding, and thus we have '94's called Vol. XVIII. This would make '95's Vol. XIX when it should be Vol. XX. When this change is made, a statement should be placed in the next volume to that effect in order that collectors will be cognizant of the change.

P. A. W.

**EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:**—I wish again to bring the attention of the College to a matter that, though frequently suggested in THE BURR, has never been acted upon, viz.: The holding of a pool or billiard tournament during this winter. At other colleges, notably Princeton and Brown, such tournaments have been pronounced successes, and I think there are enough lovers of these games here at Lehigh to ensure success. Can not some of our representative players call a meeting of those interested to discuss this matter. There is yet ample time, and we think that every wielder of a cue, even though but a tyro, would help.

SHARK.

—It is reported that the Vassar girls have challenged the Smith College girls to an inter-collegiate debate.—*The University Courier* (U. of P.).

—Each member of the Princeton foot-ball team has been presented with a silver cup, and each substitute with a silver match box by the New York Alumni.

—John Clarkson will coach the Yale 'Varsity, Timothy Keefe the Harvard, Nichols the Princeton, and Arthur Irwin the University of Pennsylvania base-ball teams.

## KERNELS.

—Dreka is making the buttons for the Glee and Banjo Clubs.

—Arrangements are being made for the Junior Class supper.

—The seventh of this month being Ash Wednesday, will be a holiday.

—The subject on which to write a thesis is troubling a great number of the Seniors.

—There are two vacancies on the Ninety-five *Epitome* Board to be filled by the class.

—The college men are not heeding the words of Dr. Coppee, concerning the campus.

—The Mustard and Cheese will soon commence rehearsals for their play to be given after lent.

—The Ninety-five *Epitome* Board has awarded the contract for printing to a firm in New Haven.

—The apparatus left in the old Electrical Laboratory, is gradually being removed to the new building.

—The Class of '91, is making arrangements for its first reunion to be held during commencement week.

—The ten year book published by the class '83, has just been distributed to the members of the class. It contains the photographs and a short history of each man.

## THE COMING TREAT.

**T**HE Mustard and Cheese have chosen "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" as the play which they will give in the spring. The date, which is not yet definitely settled, will be a week or so after Easter. The style of the play will be much as that of Fra Diavolo, given last year, as it is a musical burlesque, but it will far surpass the other in costumes and in stage effects, and, if such a thing be possible, in the acting.

M. Lewellen Cooke, '95, has been elected Business Manager, and all necessary preparations have been entered into at once. We may safely predict a successful effort.



—The report of the Wesleyan foot-ball treasurer for the past season gives the receipts as \$2,210.28; expenditures, \$2,190.11. Assets, \$793.92; liabilities, \$1,180.85, leaving a deficit of \$386.93.

—The faculty of Hillsdale College have promulgated an order that students who enter college single cannot get married during their course and remain in the college. Those already married are not debarred.

## Photo Supplies General.

What do you want?  
One of the finest of cameras?  
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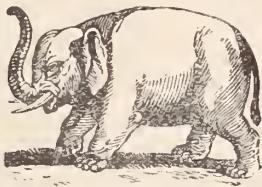
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## COLLEGE NOTES.

—Mr. Henry Irving, the actor, has accepted an invitation to speak before the Harvard Union.

—Of the four Yale-Harvard debates held thus far, Harvard has won two, and two have been left undecided.

—Caps and gowns will be worn by the graduating classes of nine New England colleges this year.

—The six colleges or universities in the United States having the largest number of graduate students are Johns Hopkins 262, University of Chicago 256, Harvard 254, Cornell 161, University of Pennsylvania 154, Yale 143.

—President Andrews, of Brown, has declined the offer of chancellor of Chicago University and head professor of philosophy, with a salary of \$10,000, and six months' leave of absence, and intends to remain at Brown.

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